THE EASY ROAD TO READING

FIRST READER

LYONS AND CARNAHAN

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THE EASY ROAD TO READING
FIRST READER

REVISED EDITION

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PREFACE

The basic thought of the *Easy Road to Reading* series is the mastery of the mechanics of reading and the beginning of the formation of the habit of reading through easy and enjoyable means. As reading is the one branch of the school curriculum upon which the understanding and the intelligent interpretation of all other branches depend, and also the one branch that enters into the daily life of the child, the youth, and the adult, and is the principal means of acquiring knowledge in later life, it is of primal importance that the child shall learn to read well and that he shall early acquire the habit of reading. If the early work in reading be made easy and enjoyable, the mastery of reading and the habit of reading will of necessity result.

The *Easy Road to Reading Primer*, the first book of this series, has a vocabulary of two hundred twenty-three words built up by means of the child's love for dramatization, rhyme, and story. By gradual, easy, enjoyable acquisition the child gains a mastery of a vocabulary which is the means of entrance to the more varied story of the second book of the series, the *Easy Road to Reading First Reader.*

In the *First Reader* the underlying thought is still *to make the road to reading easy*, and thereby induce the child to wish to enter therein rather than to drag him reluctantly along its pathway. Thus, because the child's desires coincide with his interests, the task of learning to read becomes pleasant rather than irksome, and the work of teaching is minimized.

The connecting link between the two books is the cumulative repetition story, so that going from the *Primer* to the *First Reader* is like turning over a leaf of the same book.

The vocabulary of the *First Reader* is that of the *Primer* plus four hundred two words, which are added at an average of a little more than three words to a page. At the end of the first year, therefore, the child should have a working equipment of six hundred words. New words are repeated again and again; they are woven into new relations in new stories.

It is assumed that the work in phonics, as outlined in the Teachers' Manual, will begin soon after the child starts to read in the *Primer*, and that this work will continue throughout the year.

The illustrations of the *First Reader*, like those of the *Primer*, are not mere pictures—they illustrate the subject-matter. At the same time they are beautiful and artistic, and yet are of such a character as will appeal to the child. There has been no thought of art for art's sake, but only of art for the child's sake.

With interesting stories replete with life, activity, and natural conversation, with attractive pictures that really illustrate, and with a well-graded and reasonably small vocabulary, the *Easy Road to Reading First Reader* presents characteristics which should insure enjoyment of the reading lesson both on the part of the teacher and the child.

Acknowledgements are made to Miss Ella D. Howe, Primary Teacher, Columbus, Ohio, for valuable assistance in the preparation of the manuscript for this reader.

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The North Wind came along one day
So strong and full of fun;
He called the leaves down from the trees,
And said, "Run, children, run!"

One day Rover had some meat.

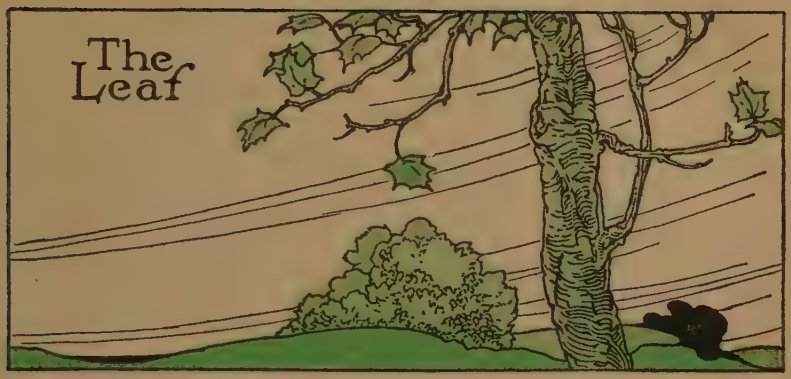
On his way home with the meat he had to cross a stream.

He looked into the water and saw a dog with some meat in his mouth.

"I want that meat, too," said Rover.

Then he tried to get the meat from the other dog. He could not get it, but the meat he had fell from his mouth into the water.

He had to go home without meat.



One day a leaf began to cry, as leaves will when the wind blows.

The twig said, "Why do you cry, little leaf?"

"The wind told me," said the leaf, "it would some day blow me away."

The twig told this to the branch and the branch told it to the tree.

When the tree heard this, it said, "Do not fear, little leaf. I will not send you away until you want to go."

When the little leaf heard that the tree said this, it stopped crying and began singing again.

One day the little leaf stopped singing.

It looked at the other leaves.

It saw that all the other leaves were growing very pretty.

"Dear tree," said the little leaf, "why are the little leaves growing so pretty?"

"They are getting ready to fly away, little leaf," said the tree. "They have on pretty dresses because they are so glad to go."

Then the little leaf began to want to go too.

The little leaf thought about it day by day.

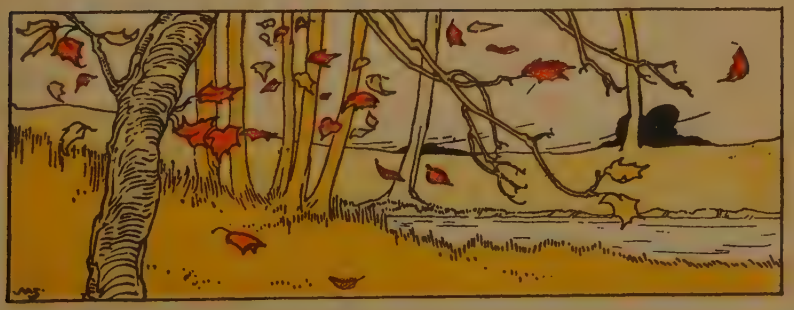
It, too, began to grow very pretty.

Soon the leaf had on a dress that was red all over.

The leaf was now ready to go. "Good by, dear twig. Good by, dear tree," said the leaf.

Then the wind came along and the little leaf flew away.

Down to the water it went, and the water carried it on to the sea.



Where are you going, you little pig?
"I am leaving my mother, I am growing so big."
So big, young pig;
So young, so big!
What, leaving your mother, you foolish young pig?

Where are you going, you little pig?
"I have got a new spade; I am going to dig."
To dig, little pig!
A little pig dig!
I never saw a pig with a spade that could dig!

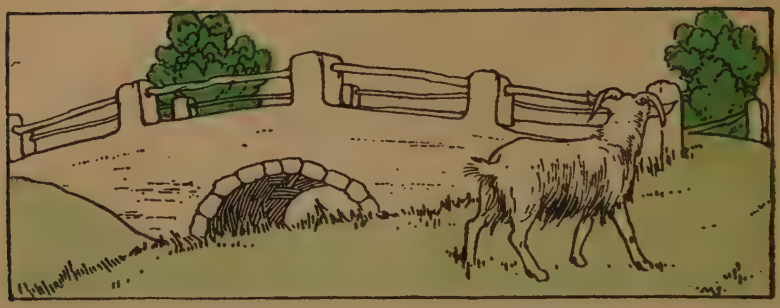
Where are you going, you little pig?
"The butcher is coming. I have grown so big!"
The butcher! Poor pig!
Have you grown so big?
Well, I think it high time, then, you hop the twig.

A long time ago a big troll lived under a bridge.

On one side of the bridge lived the little Billy Goats Gruff.

On the other side of the bridge was a field.

The little Billy Goats Gruff wanted to go to the field. They wanted to eat and grow fat.



The first little Billy Goat Gruff started over the bridge.

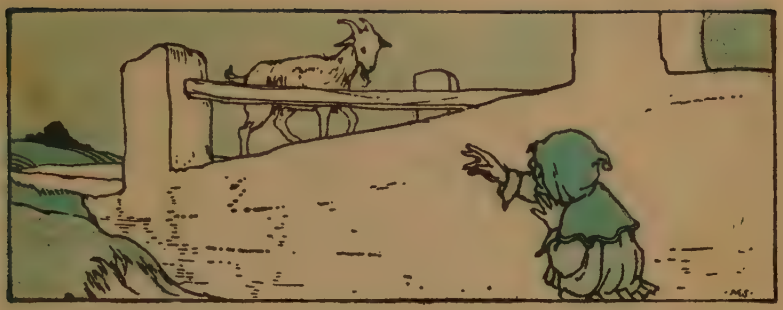
The troll heard him go trip, trip, trip, over the bridge.

Trolls eat billy goats.

"Who is going over my bridge?" the troll called out.

"It is I, the first Billy Goat Gruff. I am going to the far field to eat and grow fat."

"No, you are not," said the troll. "I am coming to eat you up."



"Oh, do not eat me!" said the first Billy Goat Gruff. "I am too little. Wait for the next Billy Goat Gruff. He is larger than I."

"All right!" said the troll.

And the little goat went on to the far field to eat and grow fat.

Then the next little Billy Goat Gruff started over the bridge, trip, trip, trip.

The troll heard him go trip, trip, trip, over the bridge.

"Who is going over my bridge?"

"It is I, the second Billy Goat Gruff. I am going to the far field to eat and grow fat."

"No, you are not," said the troll. "I eat billy goats, and I am coming to eat you up."

"Oh, please do not eat me! I am too little. Wait for the next Billy Goat Gruff. He is larger than I."

"All right!" said the troll.

And the little goat went on to the far field to eat and grow fat.

Soon the third Billy Goat Gruff started over the bridge.

The troll heard him go trip, trip, trip, trip, over the bridge.

"Who is going over my bridge?" he called out.

"It is I, the third Billy Goat Gruff. I am going to the far field to eat and grow fat."

"No, you are not," said the troll. "I am coming to eat you up."

"Try it, if you dare!" said the third Billy Goat Gruff.

So the big troll came up on the bridge.

But the third Billy Goat Gruff was larger than the troll. So he ran at him and knocked him with his

horns and pushed him into the water. Then the third billy goat went on to the far field.

And the Billy Goats Gruff ate and ate in the far field and grew very fat.

The Crow and the Fox

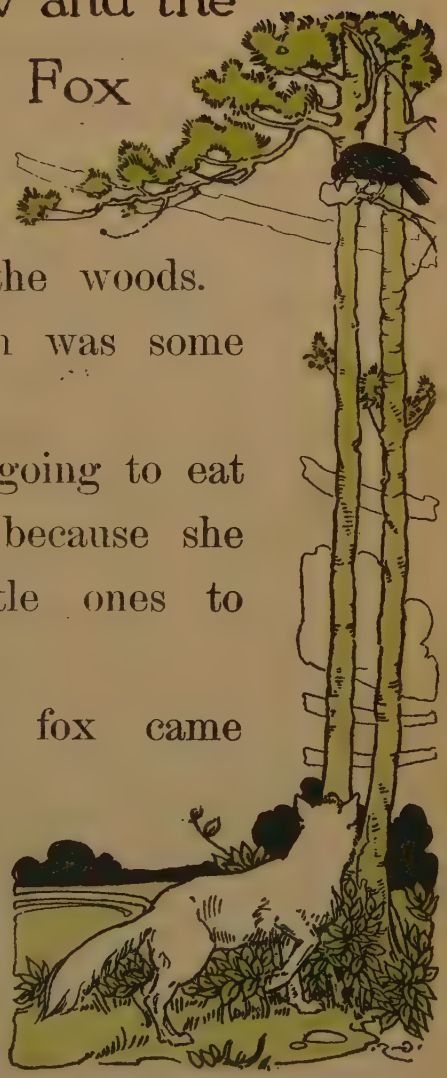
A mother crow flew to a high branch of a tree in the woods.

In her mouth was some cheese.

She was not going to eat all the cheese, because she wanted her little ones to have some of it.

Soon a red fox came along.

He looked up in the tree and saw the mother crow.



The red fox wanted the cheese that Mother Crow had.

"Good morning, Mother Crow," called the fox.

Mother Crow would not say a word, because she could not.

"Good morning, Mother Crow," said the fox the second time.

Mother Crow did not say a word.

The red fox called a third time: "Good morning, Mother Crow."

But never a word would Mother Crow say, because she could not.

Then the red fox thought and thought how he could get the cheese.

Then he said, "You are a very pretty bird, Mother Crow."

But Mother Crow said not a word.

The red fox thought again.

Then he looked up at the crow and said, "You are very pretty, Mother Crow, but you can not sing."

Foolish Mother Crow then opened her mouth to sing for the fox. She just wanted to show him she could sing.

The cheese fell and the fox ran away with it.

When he got to his den he ate it all.

Poor Mother Crow!

THE BROOK

"Stop, stop, pretty water,"
said Mary one day
To a frolicsome brook that
was running away.

One day Mary was under the trees by a brook. The brook was shining in the sun.

The brook sang a pretty song as it ran along.

Mary saw the running water.

Mary thought the frolicsome water was running away.

"Stop, stop, pretty water," said Mary to the brook.

The pretty brook did not stop.

It ran far away to the river, and the river carried it on to the sea.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all,
Over the country-side.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown;
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From *A Child's Garden of Verses*, Charles Scribner's Sons.

One day a hare met a tortoise.

The hare said to the tortoise, "You are so slow that I do not see how you ever get anywhere."

"I get where I want to go," said the tortoise. "I can not hop, skip, and jump as you do, but my way is all right for me."

The hare laughed.

The tortoise did not like to be laughed at very well, but he said nothing that day.

The next day the tortoise and the hare met again.

"You think me very slow," said the tortoise, "but I can beat you in a race."

"Beat me in a race!" said the hare. And then he laughed again.

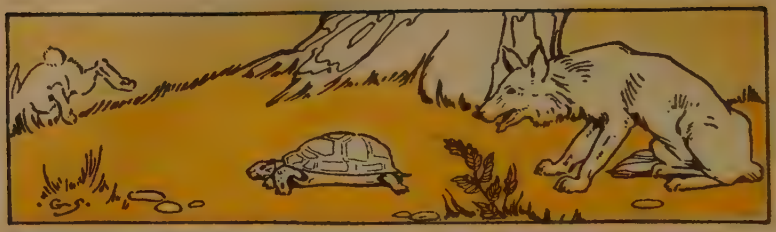
"Yes, beat you in a race," said the tortoise. "I am ready any time you are. We will let Mr. Fox start us and say how far we are to go."

"All right," said the hare.

Then they called to the fox who lived in the woods near by.

"Come over here, Mr. Fox, and start us in a race."

When the fox heard about the race, he laughed loud and long.



The tortoise said nothing.

The fox said to them, "When do you want to have this race?"

"I am ready at any time," said the hare.

"So am I," said the tortoise.

"All right, then," said the fox, "You may see who will first get to the tree on the other side of the bridge. Stand in line and I will give the word. Ready! One—two—three—go!"

And away they went.

The hare went with a hop, then a skip, then a jump.

The tortoise did not go in this way because he could not.

He just walked and walked.

The hare thought he could beat in any race with the slow tortoise.

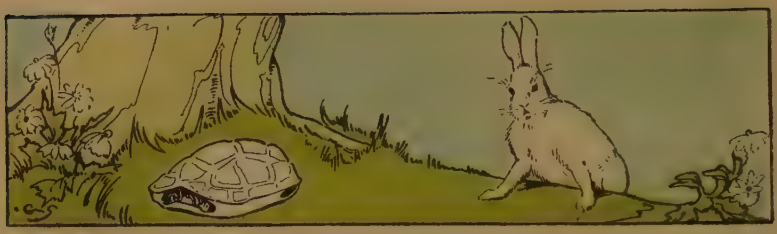
After he had gone a little way, he lay down under a tree to sleep.

But the tortoise just walked and walked and walked.

He did not stop to sleep, for he knew he had no time.

After a long time the hare opened his eyes.

He looked around and saw that it was growing dark.



He looked up and down, but he could not see the tortoise.

Then the hare started on again, this time with two hops, then two skips, then two jumps.

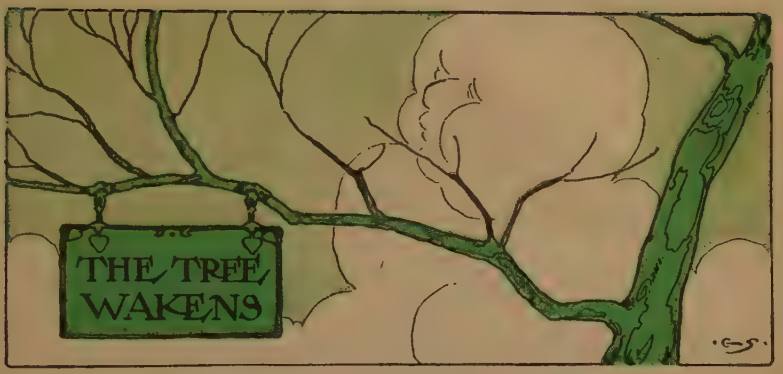
He came to the bridge. He went over the bridge.

What do you think he saw?

Under the tree lay the tortoise fast asleep.

Then the hare sat down and thought.

What did he think about?



The tree was asleep.

All the little leaves on the tree were asleep too.

The north wind rocked the little leaves.

"Here we go! Up and down!" sang the north wind.

But the leaves did not hear him, for they were fast asleep.

Soon the warm sun was shining on them.

The sun made the little leaves warm.

One little leaf opened his eyes.

"What time is it?" said he.

"It is time to get up, little leaf," said the sun.

"Please let us sleep a little longer," said the leaf.

But the warm sun still said, "It is time to get up."

The little leaf told the other leaves, "It is time to get up."

He told the tree, too: "Mother Tree, it is time to get up."

And all the leaves opened their eyes.

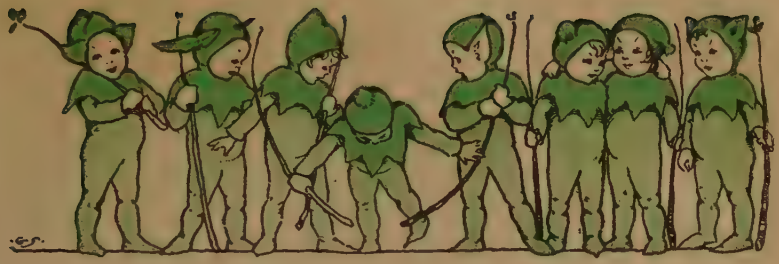
Then the tree began to grow.

The leaves began to grow too. They grew larger and larger until the tree was all covered with a pretty green dress.

It was spring.

Ten little brownies standing up in line;
One ran away and then there were 9.

Nine little brownies sitting up late;
One went to sleep and then there were 8.



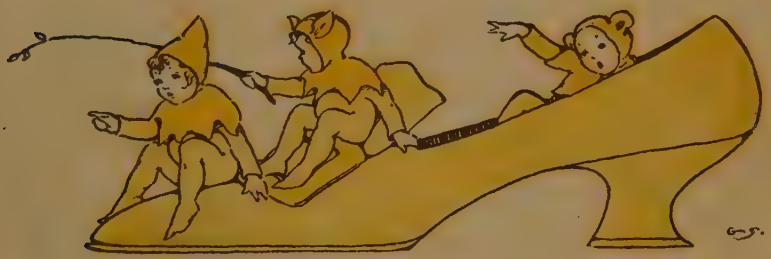
Eight little brownies in a line so even;
One fell over and then there were seven.

Seven little brownies playing funny tricks;
One got hurt and then there were 6.

Six little brownies on the bridge to dive;
One ran home and then there were 5.

Five little brownies sliding on a door;
One fell off and then there were 4.

Four little brownies hiding in a
tree;
One came tumbling down; then there
were 3.



Three little brownies sitting on a
shoe;
One slipped in and then there
were 2.

Two little brownies started on a
run;
One stubbed his toe and then there
was 1.

One little brownie sitting
all alone;
A little boy took him;
then there was none.

One, two, three, four, five.
I have caught a fish alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I have let it go again.

LITTLE HALF-CHICK

Once there was a little chicken who lived in the country.

He was a funny little chicken.

He was not at all like the other chickens.

He was not like his mother.

He had just half a bill.

He had just one eye.

He had just one wing.

He had just one leg.

He was called Little Half-chick.

Little Half-chick could not run as the other chickens could.

He had to go hop, hop, hop, all the time.

One day he said to his mother, "I am going to the far country to see the king."

"Little Half-chick," said his mother, "you must not go to see the king."

But little Half-chick would not mind his mother.

"Yes, I will go," said he. "I will go to the far country to see the king."

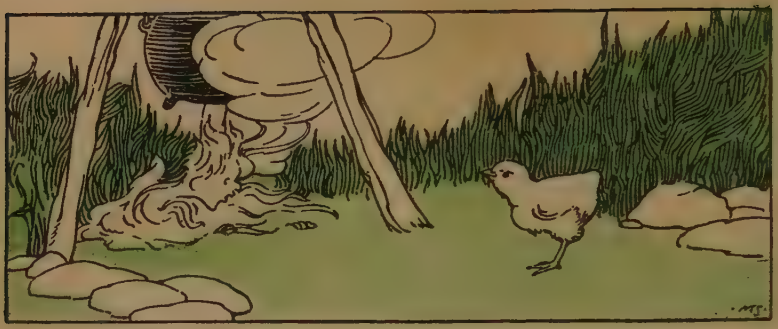
And away he went, hop, hop, hop.

Soon Little Half-chick came to a little brook that was lost in the woods.

"O Little Half-chick! Little Half-chick!" said the brook. "Come and help me. Please clean away the leaves with your little bill. I want to run to the river."

"No, I will not," said Little Half-chick, "I have no time to help you. I am going to the far country to see the king."

So on he went, hop, hop, hop.

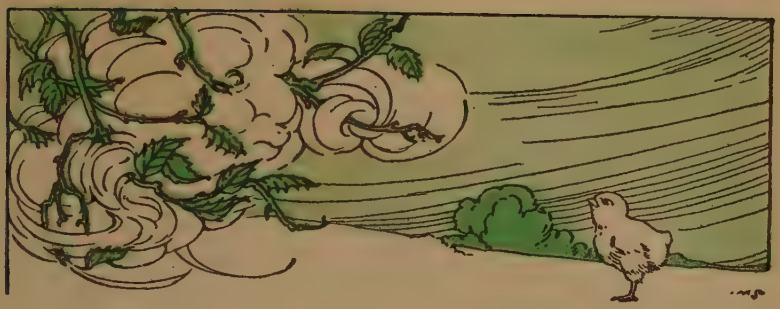


Soon he came to a fire. The fire was almost out.

"O Little Half-chick, Little Half-chick!" said the fire. "Come and help me. I am almost out. Please bring me some leaves with your little half-bill."

"No, I will not," said Little Half-chick. "I have no time to help you. I am going to the far country to see the king."

So away he went, hop, hop, hop.



Soon he came to the wind.

The wind was caught in the trees and could not get out.

"Woo-oo, Little Half-chick," said the wind, "please come and help me. Come and shake the leaves so I can get out."

"No, I will not," said Little Half-chick. "I have no time to help you. I am going to the far country to see the king."

So on he went, hop, hop, hop.

Soon Little Half-chick came to the king's house.

He went hop, hop, hop, up to the king.

The cook saw him.

"We must have chickens to eat," said she to the king. "This chicken is just what I want."

So she ran and caught little Half-chick and put him into the water to cook.

He did not like this at all.

Little Half-chick cried out to the water, "Water! water! do not come near me. You will drown me."

But the water said, "Little Half-chick, I wanted you to help me. You would not, so I will not help you now."

Then the fire began to burn and the water began to get very hot.

"O fire, fire!" cried Little Half-chick. "Do not come near me. You will burn me."

But the fire said, "Little Half-chick, I wanted you to help me. You would not, so I will not help you now."

Then the cook came along.

She looked at Little Half-chick.

"Why," she said, "that is but half a chicken. I will not cook a chicken like that for the king."

So she threw the chicken away.

Then the wind caught him, and took him high up in the air.

"O wind! wind!" said Little Half-chick, "Do not come near me. You will let me fall and I shall be killed."

But the wind just laughed and said, "Little Half-chick, I wanted you to help me. You would not. I will not help you now."

Up, up, the wind carried him.

At last the wind put him on the very top of a steeple.

And there you can see him now.

He has half a bill.
He has just one eye.
He has just one wing.
He has just one leg.
Do you know what he is called?

"Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they will
come home
And bring their tails behind them."
Little Bo-peep lost her sheep.
She looked about to find them.
She looked in the woods.
She looked in the field.
She could not find the sheep.
Then little Bo-peep cried because
she could not find them.
Do not cry, little Bo-peep. Your
sheep will come home soon.

Once a man had some sheep.

He sent his little boy to take care of them.

He said to the little boy, "You must take good care of the sheep. If a wolf comes near, you must call out, 'Wolf! Wolf!' Then the men will come to help you."

A long time went by and no wolf came near.

One day the little boy thought he would have some fun.

He wanted to see the men run.

So he cried out, "Wolf! Wolf!"

The men came running to help him.

"Where is the wolf?" they said.

The boy laughed.

"There is no wolf," said he. "There is no wolf anywhere. I was just having some fun."

The men did not like this at all.

The next day the boy cried, "Wolf! Wolf!" again.

Again the men came running to help the boy.

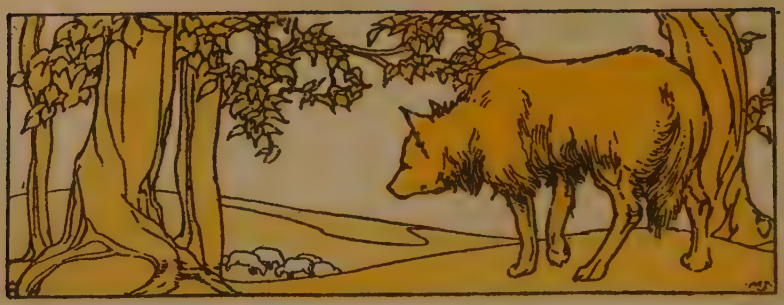
"Where is the wolf?" they cried.

Again the boy laughed.

"There is no wolf," he said. "I was just having some fun."

The next day he called "Wolf! Wolf!" for the third time when there was no wolf.

The men came running to his help and he laughed at them again.



But the next day a wolf did come to eat the sheep.

The boy called out to the men, "Help! help! wolf! wolf! A wolf is killing the sheep."

The men heard him call them, but this time they did not come to help him.

They said, "There is no wolf. He is just having some fun again. He may call all day and we will not go to help him."

The boy called them again, but they would not come.

He did not know what to do. He could not drive the wolf away, and he knew the wolf would kill some of the sheep.

The wolf did kill some of the sheep.

Then the little boy had to go home and tell his father what a foolish trick he had played on the men.

Once upon a time a little pig lived in a pen.

This little pig was black and he had a curly tail.

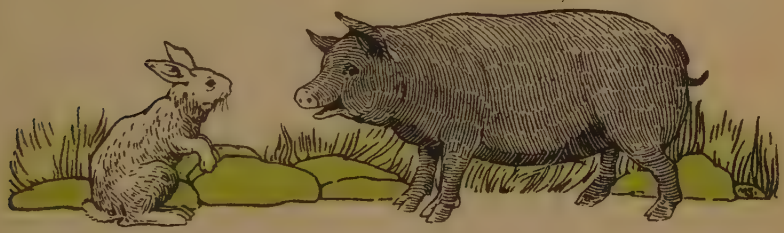
This little pig grew and grew.

One day the little pig said, "This pen is too little for me. I will go to the woods and build me a new house."

He went out of the door of his pen and looked around.

The sun was shining and the sky was blue.

So the little pig started for the woods.



On the way he met a rabbit.

The rabbit was brown and had a little white tail.

The rabbit said to the pig with a curly tail, "Good morning, little pig. Where are you going this morning?"

"I do not want to live in a pen any longer," said the little pig. "I am going to the woods to build me a new house."

"Let me go with you, little pig."

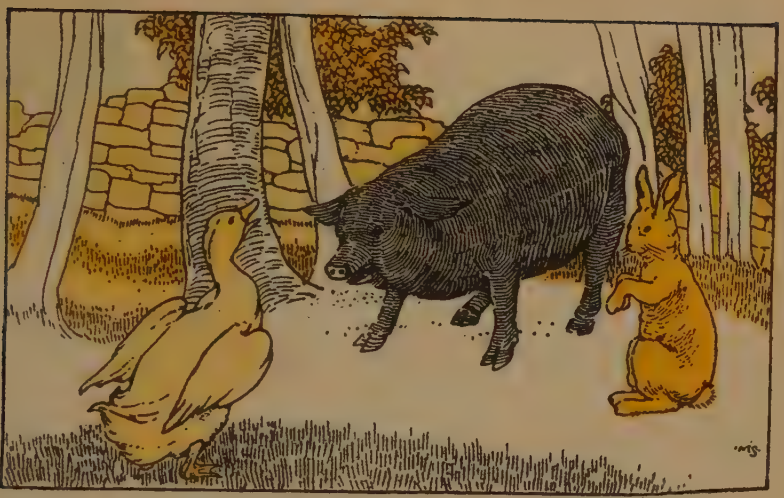
"What can you do?" said the pig with the curly tail.

"See my sharp teeth. I can cut down the trees to build the house."

"Very well," said the little pig. "You are the very one I want. Come with me."

The sun was shining and the sky was blue.

So they started for the woods. The little pig with the curly tail was first and the rabbit with the white tail was second.

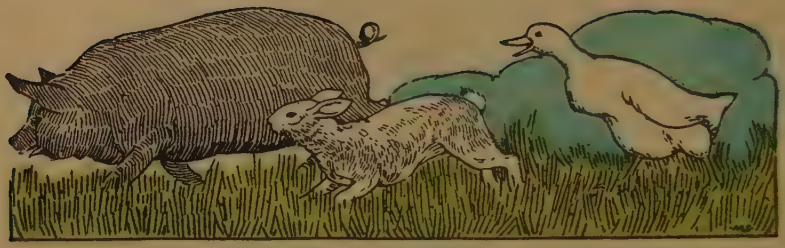


Soon they met a yellow duck.

"Good morning, little pig," said the yellow duck. "Where are you going this morning?"

"I do not want to live in a pen any longer. So I am going to the woods to build me a new house."

"Let me go with you," said the yellow duck.



"What can you do?" said the little pig.

"See my wide bill. I can carry mud to help build your house."

"Very well," said the pig. "You are the very one I want. Come with me."

The sun was shining and the sky was blue.

So the pig and the rabbit and the duck started for the woods.

The pig was first, the rabbit was second, and the duck was third.

On the way they met a rooster.

"Good morning, little pig," said the rooster. "Where are you going this morning?"

"I do not want to live in a pen any longer. So I am going to the woods to build me a new house."

"Let me go with you," said the rooster.

"What can you do?" said the little pig.

"I can crow in the morning and wake you up," said the rooster.

"You are the very one I want," said the pig. "Come with me."

The sun was shining and the sky was blue.

So they all went on. The pig was first, the rabbit was second, the duck was third, and the rooster was last.

When they came to the woods, they sat down to rest.

Then all went to work.

The rabbit cut down the trees with his sharp teeth.

The duck carried the mud in his wide bill.

The pig built the house.

The rooster crowed in the morning and called them to work.

When the house was done, the pig said,

"Come and live with me, little rabbit.

"Come and live with me, yellow duck.

"Come and live with me, Mr. Rooster."

The little rabbit and the yellow duck and the rooster were glad to live with the little pig with the curly tail.

The sun was still shining and the sky was still blue.

A WALK

A dog and a cat went out together
To take a trip to town;
Said the cat to the dog,
"What do you think of the weather?"
"I think, Mrs. Cat, that the rain will come down.
But that is all right, for I have an umbrella
To put over us two," said this very good fellow.

Bunny was a white rabbit.

He had little pink eyes, long pink ears, and a short white tail.

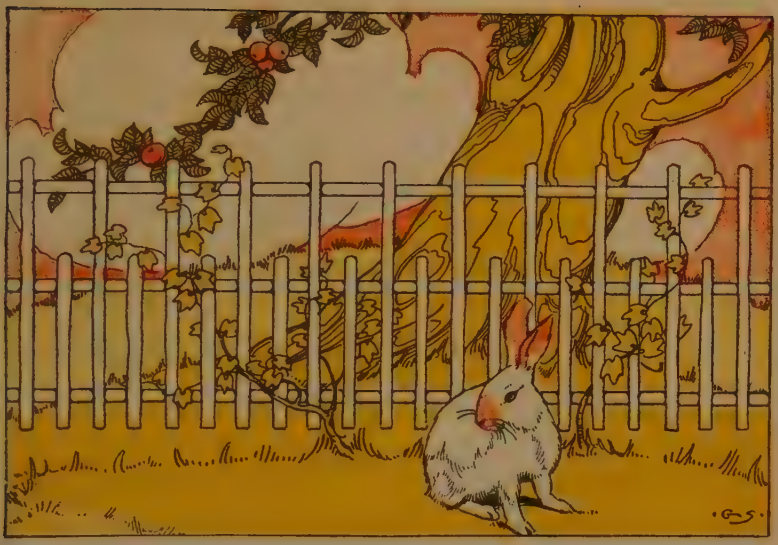
Bunny lived near a garden.

Some green things were growing in the garden.

Bunny ate grass, but he liked other green things too.

One day Bunny thought he would go into the garden.

He wanted to see what he could find that was good to eat.



Under the fence Bunny went.

What a pretty garden this was!

Green things were growing all around him.

Bunny did not know what to eat first.

He hopped here and he hopped there.

Just as he was going to eat a big green leaf, he thought he heard a noise.

Bunny looked around with his little pink eyes. All was still.

Then he began to eat the big green leaf.

Again Bunny thought he heard a noise.

Again he looked up and down.

He could see no one with his little pink eyes. He could hear no one with his long pink ears.

Then he began to eat again.

Once again he thought he heard a noise.

Now he knew there must be some one near.

Bunny hopped a little way down the garden.

No one was there.

He hopped a little way up the garden.

No one was there.

He looked this way and that way with his little pink eyes.

He could see no one.

He could hear no one.

He was just going back to eat the big green leaf when he thought he would look around again.

What do you think he saw?

Just behind the big green leaf he was going to eat lay a big gray cat fast asleep.

Bunny thought now that he did not want to eat the big green leaf.

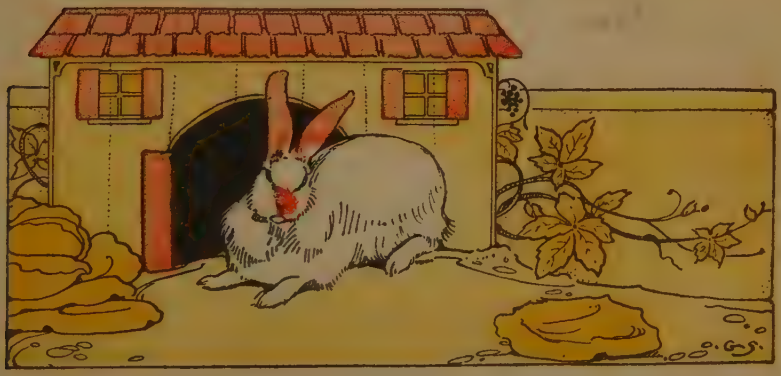
He did not stop to look around, but hopped to the fence.

Under the fence he went, so still no one could hear him.

He hopped to his house, glad to be back home.

He told no one about the cat.

Bunny will not care to go to the garden again.



LITTLE BIRDIE

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

The Lion Cub and the Man

Once upon a time there lived a little lion cub.

This little lion cub thought he knew all there was to know.

His mother and father would say to him, "You are king over all but Man. Look out for him. If you go near him, he will kill you."

The lion cub grew larger and stronger.

As he grew, he thought he knew more than his father and mother.

"Why should I fear Man?" said he. "They tell me I am stronger than he. Why should I fear that he will kill me?"

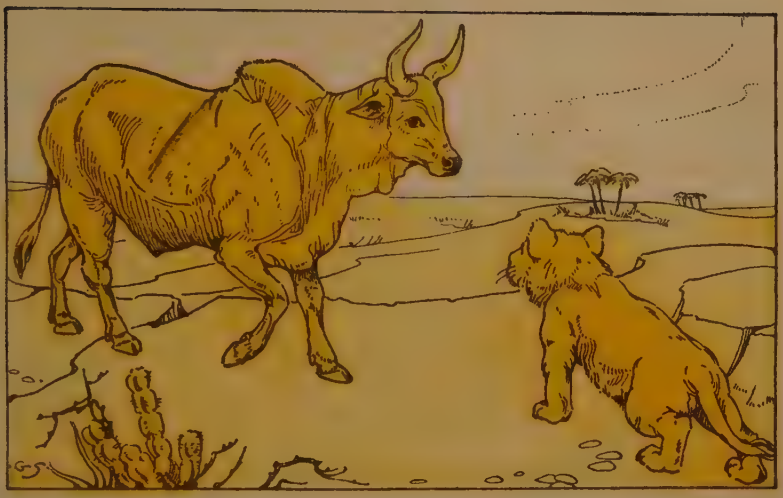
But he did not tell his father and mother what he thought.

The young lion cub wanted to find this thing called Man.

He started out alone and after a time he met an ox.

The lion cub had never seen any one but his father and mother.

So he thought this ox was Man.



"Good morning," said he to the ox. "Will you please tell me if you are Man?"

"Am I Man?" asked the ox. "Oh, no, I am not Man. Man makes me work for him. Why do you want to see him?"

"I have been told that I must fear Man. I want to find him to see if he is stronger than I."

"He may be no stronger than you," said the ox, "but he will kill you if you go near him."

"I do not see how that can be," said the young lion cub.

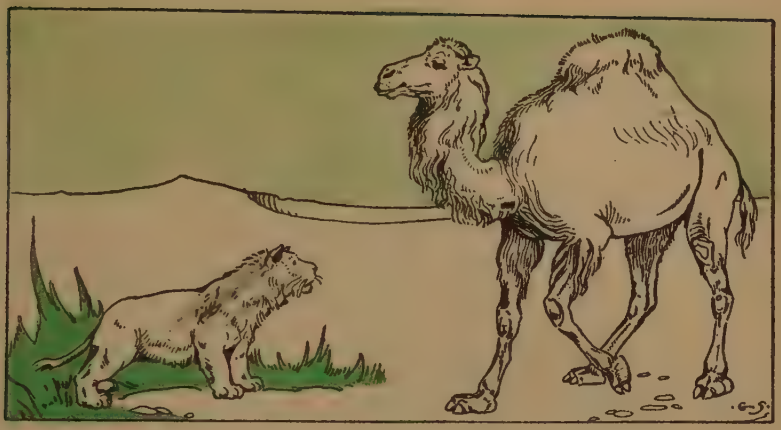
"Take my word for it, young lion cub. If you meet him he will kill you."

But the lion cub still thought he would see for himself what Man was.

After he had walked a long time he met a camel.

"This must be Man," he thought, "he is so big and strong."

"Good morning," said he to the camel. "Will you please tell me if you are Man?"



"Am I Man?" asked the camel. "Oh, no, I am not Man. Man is my master. He makes me work for him. Why do you want to see him?"

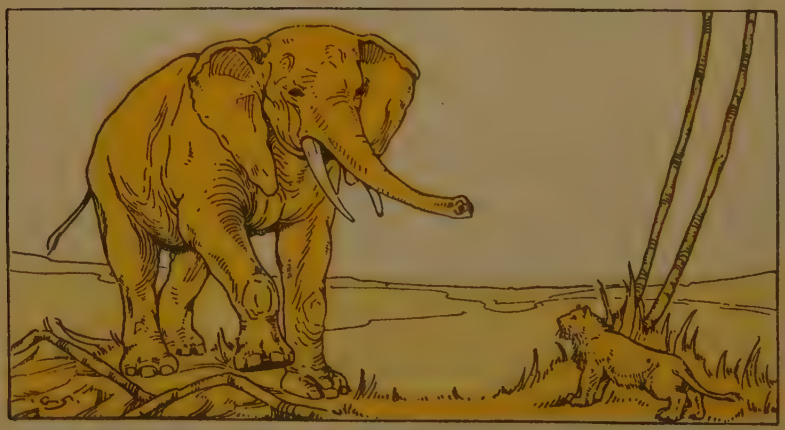
"I have been told that Man is not so strong as I am, but that he can kill me."

"That is right," said the camel. "Do not go near him if you want to live."

"I do not see how he can kill me if I am stronger than he," said the young lion.

"Take my word for it, young lion," said the camel, "Man may not be so strong as you or I, but he knows more."

The lion cub could not see how this could be, so he went on his way to find Man.



Then he met an elephant.

"This must be Man," thought the lion cub. "Surely no one could be stronger than he."

So he said to the elephant, "Good morning. Will you please tell me if you are Man?"

"Am I Man?" said the elephant. "Far from it. Man is my master. He makes me carry him on my back. Do not go near him if you want to live."

"Am I not stronger than he?" asked the lion cub.

"You surely are," said the elephant, "but he knows more than you or I. Do not go near him."

But the lion cub still wanted to see Man and he went on his way.

As the lion cub was going along he saw a queer looking thing that walked upon two legs.

The lion did not fear this thing at all. He walked up to him at once and said,

"Good morning. Can you tell me where I can find Man? I have been hunting for him all day long. He must be very strong and I want to meet him."

"I am a man," said the queer-looking thing on two legs.

The lion cub laughed. "I am young," said he, "but I know more than that. You are not so big as the ox, the camel, or the elephant. But they all said that Man is their master. How can you be Man?"

"Well," said the man, "I know I am quite small, but I have what the ox, the camel, the elephant, and you have not."

"What is that?" asked the lion cub.

"I can not tell you," said the man, "but I can show you how it works."

"Oh, please show me," said the lion cub.

Now this man had an ax with him.

He took the ax and cut a little way into a young tree that was near.

When he had done this, he drove a piece of wood far into the cut.

"Now, then," said he to the lion cub, "put your paw in there."

The lion did so.

The man then took out the piece of wood.

The lion's paw was fast.

"Now," said the man, "you can see that I have something that you have not. You can now see how it works."

But the lion cub did not care to hear any more about it. All he wanted was to get away.

"Please let me go, Mr. Man," he said. "Please do not kill me. I see now that you know more than I do."

"Well," said the man, "I will let you go this time, but look out that you do not get caught again. I may not let you go next time."

Then he bent the young tree so that the lion cub could take his paw out.

"Go home to your father and mother, little lion cub," said the man. "Tell them that you have seen a man and that you now fear him."

But the little lion cub was so glad to get away that he did not even stop to say good-by.

THE ELF-MAN

I met a little elf-man once
Down where the lilies blow,
I asked him why he was so small
And why he did not grow.

He slightly frowned and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I am quite as big for me," he said,
"As you are big for you."

Once upon a time there was a poor woodman.

This woodman worked very hard day by day.

One day he stood near a river chopping down a big tree.

"Chop, chop, chop!" sang out his ax.

He swung the ax high in the air to give a good strong blow.

All at once the top of his ax flew off into the water.

The poor woodman did not know what to do.

He sat down by the river and said, "Dear me! What shall I do now that I no longer have my good ax to help me? I can not chop down the trees any more."

As he sat there he saw something shining on the water.

"Am I asleep?" he said. "Am I dreaming?"

He looked again. Now he saw a pretty fairy.

She had on a shining dress and her hair was gold.

She came up to the woodman and said, "My good man, why do you look so sad?"

The woodman said to her,

"I have lost my ax, my good strong ax. I was chopping down a big tree and my ax fell into the river. I do not know what to do. I can no longer chop down the trees. What can I do?"

"Do not be sad, good woodman," said the pretty fairy in the shining dress. "I will try to find your ax for you."

She went out upon the river. The next thing he knew she sank down, down, until he could see her no more.

Soon he saw a light upon the water, and then the fairy with the shining dress came up again.

In her hands was a gold ax.

"Is this your ax, my good man?" she asked.

He looked at the shining ax and said, "No, that is very pretty, but it is not my ax. My ax was good strong steel."

"Very well," said the fairy. "I will put this gold ax down here by the river and look again."

Then she went out upon the river and the next thing he knew she sank down, down, until he could see her no more.

Soon he saw a light upon the water.

Then the pretty fairy with the shining dress came up again.

This time she had in her hands an ax of shining silver.

"My good man, is this your ax?" she asked.

He looked at the shining ax, then said, "No, that is not my ax. It is very pretty, but it is not mine. My ax was good strong steel."

"Very well," said the fairy, "I will put this silver ax down here by the river. I will look again for your ax."

This time when the pretty fairy came back to the woodman she had in her hands his old steel ax.

"Is this your ax?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, that is my old ax," he said. "Thank you for finding it for me."

Then the pretty fairy took the gold ax and the silver ax and said, "Do you not know that the gold ax and the silver ax are worth more than your old steel one?"

"Yes," said the woodman, "I know they are worth more, but they are not mine."

"But you could sell the gold ax and the silver ax and get more like your old one. Do you not know this?"

"Yes," said the woodman, "but the gold ax is not mine and the silver ax is not mine. How can I sell them when they are not mine?"

"Good!" said the pretty fairy. "You are an honest man, and that is

worth more than gold or silver. The gold ax and the silver ax are mine. I will give them to you because you are honest."

So she put the gold ax and the silver ax into his hands.

Then she went out upon the river. She sank down, down, into the water and he saw the pretty fairy no more.

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full.

An old woman lived all alone in her little old house.

This little old house was at the top of a high hill.

The old woman had on a black dress and a white apron with a big bow and long strings behind and a red cap on her head.

She had no children.

The old woman had always lived alone.

She liked no one and no one liked her.

One day this old woman was baking some cakes.

All at once she heard a tap, tap, tap at the door.

She went to the door.

There was an old man who looked very tired.

"May I come in and rest?" he asked. "I am tired and hungry too. Will you please give me one of your cakes?"

The little old woman looked at her cakes. Then she thought, "They are too large to give away to an old man."

So she said to the old man, "I will make you a cake if you care to wait for it."

"I will wait," said the old man, for he was very tired and hungry too.

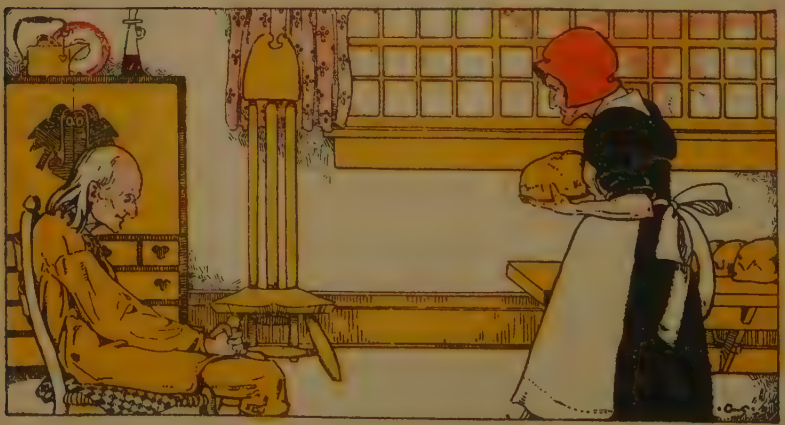
So he sat down to wait.

The little old woman broke off a little piece of dough and put it into the oven.

The dough grew larger and larger. When she took it from the oven it was as large and brown as the other cakes.

"This is too large for you," she said, and she put it away with the other cakes. "If you care to wait, I will make you another."

"I will wait," said the hungry old man.



She broke off another piece of dough, not so large this time.

She put this dough into the oven.

The dough grew larger and larger.

When she took it from the oven, it was larger even than the first one.

"This is too large for you," she said to the old man.

So she put it away with the other cakes.

"If you care to wait I can make you another," she said to him.

"I will wait," said the hungry old man.

Then she took a very little piece of dough and she put it into the oven.

When she opened the oven door she saw that the very little piece of dough had grown into a cake larger even than the others.

"This cake is too large for you," she said to the old man. "I will not give you any cakes. Go out into the woods if you want anything to eat. It may be you can find something in the bark of the trees."

The old man was very angry.

"You are too selfish to be a woman," he said. "You shall no longer live in this house. After this you shall build your home in a hollow tree. If you have anything to eat then, you shall find it in the bark."

Then the old man went out of the house.

All at once a queer thing happened to the little old woman.

She began to grow smaller and smaller.

Her arms became wings.

Her mouth became a bill.

Her cap became red feathers.

Her black dress became black feathers.

Her white apron with the bow and strings became white feathers.

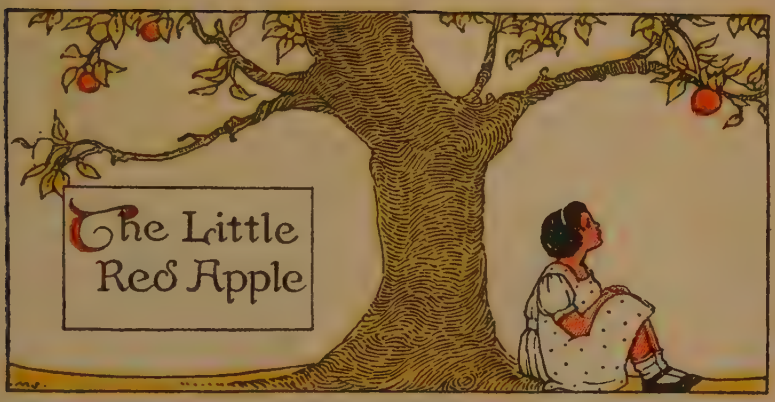
And there she was, a bird with red feathers and black feathers and white feathers.

At once she flew out of the house and far away into the woods.

She now lives in a nest in a hollow tree.

Almost any day in the spring you may see her.

Up and down the tree she runs, looking in the bark for something to eat.



Once upon a time a little girl was walking in an orchard.

At last she sat down under an apple tree.

She looked up at the green leaves on the tree.

She saw a pretty red apple on a branch just over her head.

"Oh, please, pretty apple," she called, "come down to me."

But the apple never moved.

A robin flew into the tree.

It lighted on the branch where the pretty red apple hung.

The little girl saw the robin.

"Oh, please, little robin," she called, "sing to the apple and make it come down to me."

"All right," said the robin.

The robin sang his sweetest song over and over again.

But the apple never moved.

Then the little girl thought she would ask the sun to help her.

"Please, Mr. Sun," she called, "shine on the pretty red apple and make it come down to me."

"All right," said the sun.

The sun shone and shone on the pretty red apple.

He kissed the apple first on one cheek and then on the other.

But the apple never moved.

Just then a strong wind came by.

"I will ask the wind to help me," thought the little girl.

"Oh, please, Mr. Wind," she called, "shake the pretty red apple and make it come down to me."

Then the wind swayed the tree this way and swayed the tree that way.

Down fell the pretty red apple right into the little girl's lap.

The lily bulb lay on the floor in a greenhouse.

She was brown.

She lay on the brown floor with other brown bulbs.

"I am brown," she thought. "The other bulbs are brown. The floor is brown. It must be that the whole world is brown, too."

One day the lily bulb was moved from her dark corner.

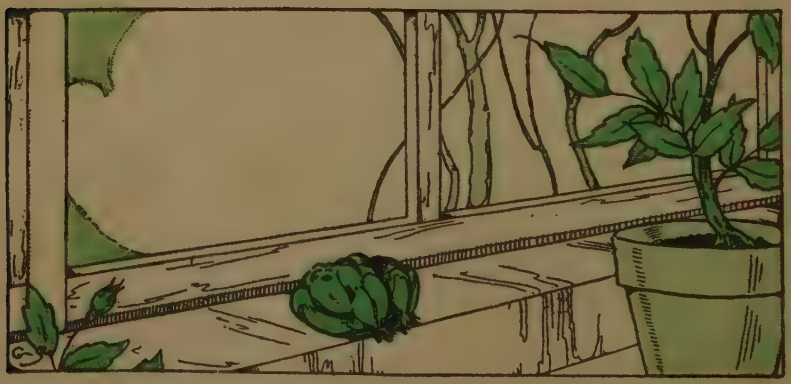
Some one put her on a brown shelf under a window.

The lily bulb looked about her.

She saw that the world was not brown after all.

Over her head the sky was blue and the sun was like gold.

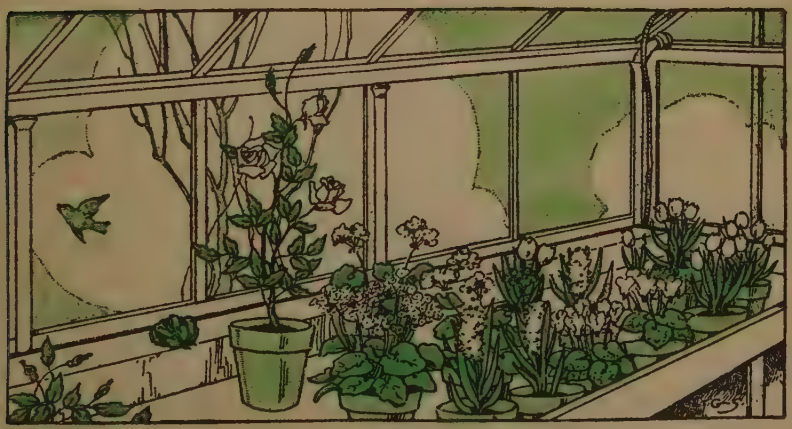
The sun made her feel nice and warm.



All about the lily bulb were pretty flowers.

Next to her was a red rose growing straight and tall, with shining green leaves.

"Oh, why can't I grow to be like that red rose?" thought the lily bulb. "I hope when I am put into the ground I shall grow to be a rose, too. I want to wear a red dress like hers."

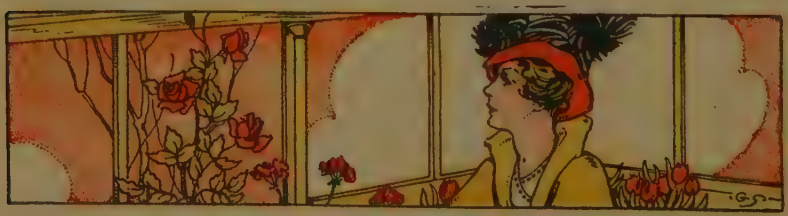


The lily bulb watched all who came near.

Every one said, "How pretty that red rose is!" but no one seemed even to see the brown bulb lying so still on the brown shelf.

"I must have that red rose for my little girl," said a young mother one day. "Her name is Rosebud and her cheeks are as red as that rose. I must get it for her."

Then the mother carried the rose away from the greenhouse to the little girl at home.

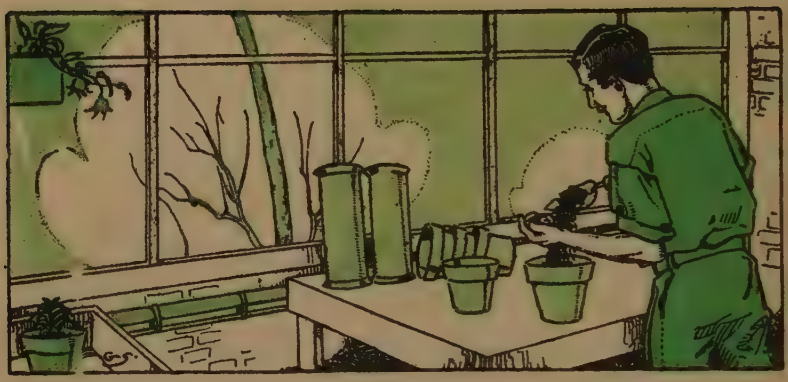


When the red rose was gone the lily bulb felt very lonely.

"The red rose has gone to make some one happy," she thought. "I wish I could grow up and make some one happy, too. I wish I could begin to grow now."

Just then the man who took care of the flowers happened to see the lily bulb.

"Why, here is a lily bulb!" he said to himself. "It must have been lost when the other bulbs were planted. It was behind that rose and so I did not see it. I must put it into a jar at once. It is far behind the other bulbs, but I think I can have it ready for Easter."

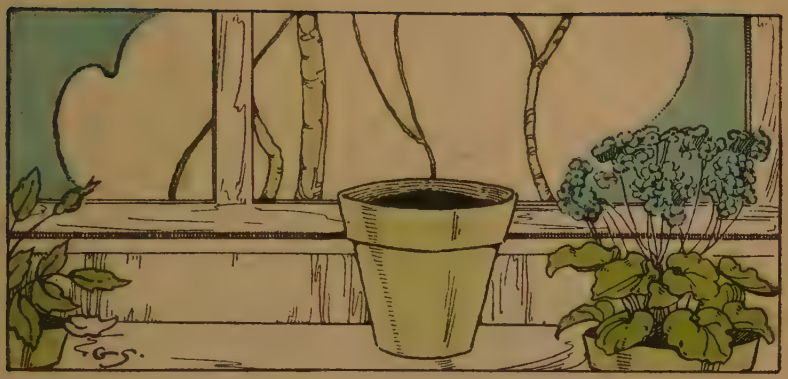


Then the lily bulb knew that some one took her up and put her into soft earth.

More earth was then put over her head.

She could no longer see the blue sky through the window.

"The world is brown again," she thought, "but I can't help it. I am so sleepy that I think I will take a nap."



How long her nap was she did not know.

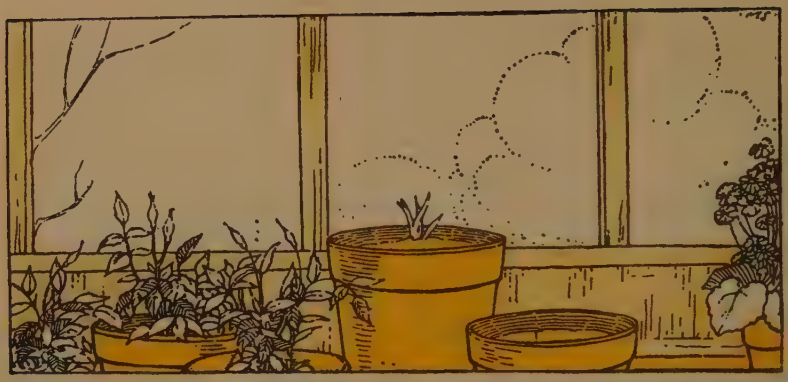
But one day she wakened.

"This house is too small for me," she said.

Then she broke some of the walls of her home.

She sent very small feet down into the ground.

Then she pushed her way up through the earth a little at a time.



"I wish I could get out," said the lily bulb.

Each day the man put some water on the brown earth in the jar.

Each day the warm sun shone on her through the window.

The sun seemed to call her to come up and see the world.

At last she pushed through the brown earth. Now she was a tiny green shoot.

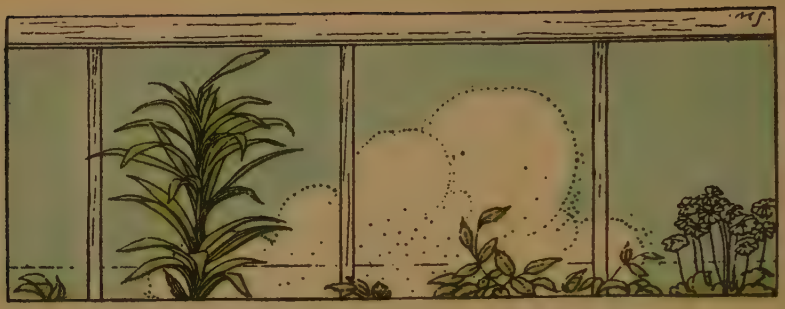
Now the little lily plant could look again through the window.

She saw the blue sky over her head. The sun seemed to smile down upon her and say, "I am here to help you grow."

So each day the lily plant grew taller and taller.

She sent out long narrow leaves.

"They don't look like the rose leaves at all," she thought. "But never mind. Some day my buds and blossoms will grow."



One day the lily plant found that she had a bud.

It was a long green bud.

The lily plant did not know what to think.

"This is not at all like the round red rosebud," she said. "And my leaves are not like the rose leaves.

"Perhaps I am not to be a red rose. But I shall be all green just as I was all brown when I was put into the earth long ago."

At last the lily opened wide her bud to let the sunshine in.

How happy she was then!

Her blossom was not green.

It was not red like the rose.

She still had on her dress of green leaves, but her blossom was a beautiful white bell.

All the other flowers seemed to bend before her.

They said, "The beautiful Easter lily is awake. Her sweetness fills the air."

The lily plant opened another and another bud.

Then one day the lily plant was carried away from her home.

It was dark when she found that she was in a church.

But the lily did not mind this, for she had been in the dark before.

At last the morning sunshine came through the beautiful church windows.

It shone on all the flowers it had helped to grow.

There were roses and other beautiful flowers.

The lily plant found other lilies there and she could see how beautiful they were.

The flowers made all who came to the church that day very happy.

The next day the lily was carried away from the church.

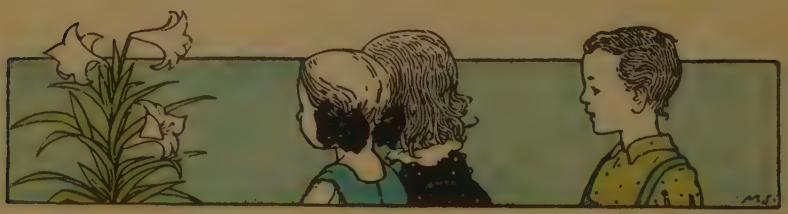
Now she found herself in a place where there were many little lame children.

The lily heard the glad cries of the poor little children when they saw her.

"See our beautiful Easter lily!" said one. "We never saw such a pretty one before."

The Easter lily looked down on the little children and said,

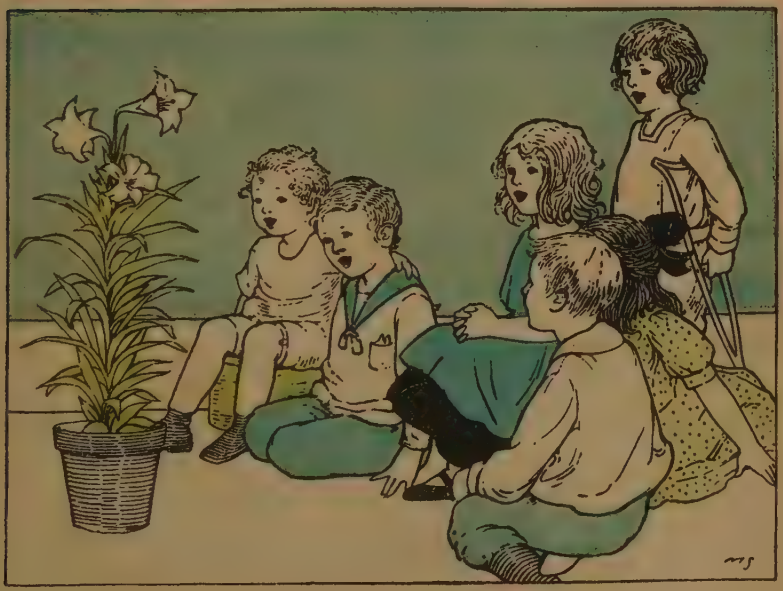
"Now I am happy. I did not think when I was such an ugly brown bulb that any one would ever be glad to look at me."



Then one little child said, "Let us sing to our Easter lily."

So they sang:

"The pure white lily lifts its cup
At Easter time, at Easter time.
The tulips to the sky look up
At happy Easter time."



LITTLE BROTHER

Once there was a boy who would not keep himself clean; and he threw his things about all over the house.

One day the Tidy Angel came to his house.

"This will never do!" said the Angel. "You must go out and stay with your brother while I set things to rights here."

"I have no brother," said he.

"Yes, you have," said the Angel. "You may not know him, but he will know you. Go out into the garden and watch for him. He will soon come."

The boy went out into the garden.

Soon a squirrel came along.

"Are you my brother?" asked the little boy.

The squirrel looked at him.

"Well, I should hope not!" he said. "My fur is neat, and my nest is in order. Why do you ask me such a question?"

And off he ran.

Then a bird came hopping by.

"Are you my brother?" asked the boy.

The little bird looked at him.

"Well, I should hope not!" said the bird. "All my feathers are in order and my nest, too. Why do you ask me such a question?"

And away he hopped.

Then a large cat came along.

"Are you my brother?" asked the boy.

"Well, I should hope not!" said the cat. "I have been washing in the sun all the morning. I can very well see that no water has been near you."

And on he walked.

Then a pig came trotting by.

The child did not want to ask the pig if he were his brother. But the pig did not wait to be asked.

"How do you do, brother?" said he.

"I am not your brother," said the boy.

"Oh, yes, you are!" said the pig. "Come along home with me and have a good roll in the mud."

"I don't like to roll in the mud," said the boy.

"Oh, yes, you do!" said the pig. "Just look at your hands. Come along, I say!"

"I don't want to go," said the boy. Then he began to cry.

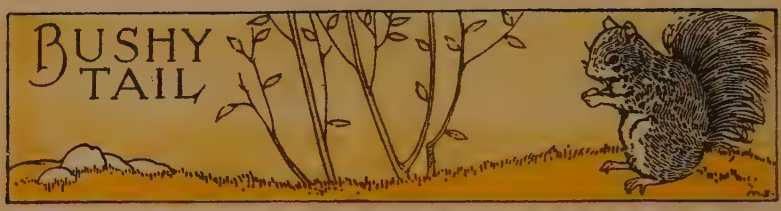
Just then the Tidy Angel came out of the house.

"I have put everything to rights," she said, "and so it must stay. Will you go with the pig brother or will you come back with me and be a tidy boy?"

"With you!" cried the boy.

The pig brother grunted.

"Very good!" he said. "There will be all the more room for me!"



One spring I had a very pretty gray squirrel in my garden.

Day after day he came to look for the nuts he had hid in the ground.

When he found one, he sat on his hind legs with the nut between his two front paws. I could hear him crack the nut with his little sharp teeth.

Once he took a nut from my hand. It took him a long time to come for it. He would come a little way, then stop and listen. He did this over and over again till at last he got the nut.

One day Bushy Tail, as I called

him, had run up an old oak tree. He started to run down again. Then he stopped. He looked up and down and all around. I looked up and down and all around, too. Then I saw what Bushy Tail saw.

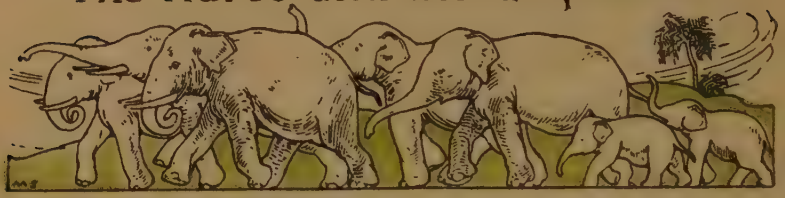
My little gray and white kitty had seen the squirrel and wanted to play with him.

She ran up the tree a little way and he came down a little way.

Then he turned and ran up the tree and she turned and ran down.

They did this until kitty was tired out and lay down on the ground. Bushy Tail looked at her for a short time. Then he turned and ran away.

The Hares and the Elephants



Once upon a time in a far country where elephants lived, very little rain had fallen.

The elephants at last became so thirsty and dirty that they could stand it no longer.

So they went to their king and said,

"Master, how are we to live? The small animals can find a place to wash in and to drink, but we can not, and we are half dead. Where shall we go and what shall we do?"

Their king told them that he knew of a place where there was deep water.

He then led them through the woods to a place where there was a deep pool.

Then the elephants were glad and went in to wash and to drink.

But there were many little hares who lived near this pool. When the elephants came to wash, the hares could not always get out of their way, and so many of them were killed.

When this had happened many times, Hard Head, one of the hares, said,

"Now these elephants will be coming here every day and soon not one of us will be left alive."

"Do not fear," said Good Speed, his brother, "I will see what I can do for the hares."

Then he set off to find the elephants. On the way he thought what he should say to them.

"I will go on top of a high hill," said he, "and talk to them from there."

When the king of the elephants saw Good Speed he called out, "Who are you? Where do you come from?"

Now Good Speed knew how all elephants fear the moon, so he said,

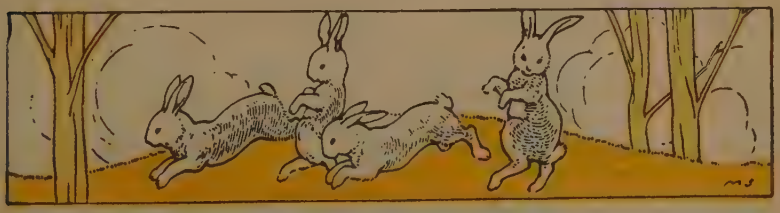
"I am sent here by the Moon, who has told me what I am to say to you."

"What do you want?" asked the king in great fear.

"The Moon sends this word to you: The hares are the watchers of my pool, and your elephants have made them fear to go there. This does not please me, for the hares are my people. Then, too, after you go in to wash, I can not see my face in the pool."

"Please, Master Hare," said the king, "we knew nothing of this. We will go there no more."

After this the moon could always see her face in the water and the hares were no longer afraid, for the elephants went no more to the pool.



It was four o'clock in the morning, and Cock-a-lu clapped his wings and crowed.

Then he said to Hen-a-lie, "My dear, I love you better than all the world. You know I do. I always told you so. I will go all over the world for you. I will go as far as the sun for you. You know I would! Tell me, what shall I do for you?"

"Crow!" said Hen-a-lie.

"Oh, that is such a little thing to do!" said Cock-a-lu, and he crowed loud and long.

He crowed so loud that he wakened the farmer's wife and the dog and cat and the horse and the cow.

He crowed so loud that he wakened all the other cocks and they crowed so loud that they wakened all their people.

"I have crowed well this morning," said Cock-a-lu. "I told you I would do anything to please you."

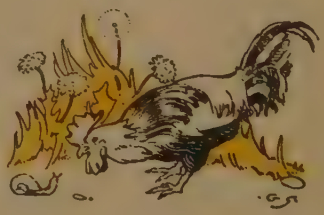
The next morning when Hen-a-lie was eating she got a bean in her throat.

She thought she was going to die, and began to cry.

"O Cock-a-lu!" she called, "run and bring me a drop of water from the silver-spring in the wood. Bring

it quickly while the dew is in it, for that is what will help me."

Cock-a-lu started off, crowing as he went. He had not gone far before he met a snail.

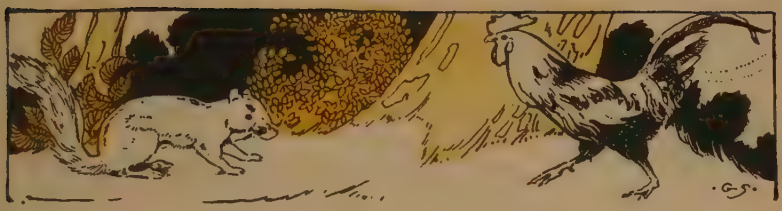


"Where are you going, snail?" said he.

"I am going to eat cabbage," said the snail. "And where are you going so early?"

"I am going to the silver-spring in the wood to get a drop of water for my wife Hen-a-lie, who has a bean in her throat."

"Oh," said the snail, "then run along quickly and get the water while the dew is in it, for that is what will help her. Don't stop by



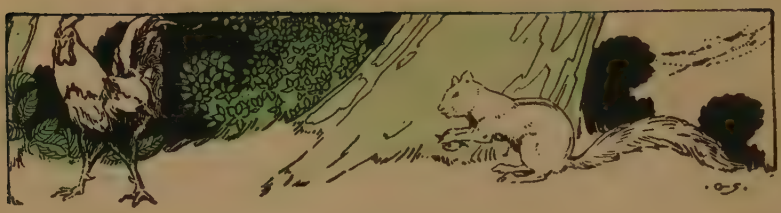
the way. Give my love to Hen-a-lie. I hope she will soon be better."

Cock-a-lu went on his way.

Soon he met a squirrel.

"Good morning, squirrel," said he. "What brings you out so early?"

"Early, do you call it, Cock-a-lu?" said the squirrel. "Why, I have been up these four hours. I have been to the silver-spring in the wood for a drop of water while the dew is in it, for my poor old husband who is sick. I am now on my way



back. I have the water here in a leaf. And what are you doing out so early, Cock-a-lu?"

"I am going for water, too. My wife has a bean in her throat."

"That is a bad thing," said the squirrel, "for I met an old pig with her nine little ones on the way to the spring to drink. If you don't hurry you will get no water for Hen-a-lie."

Then the squirrel ran up the oak tree near, for that was her way home.

"She might have given me some of the water she had," said Cock-a-lu.

Then he walked along and at last came to the silver-spring. But he had stopped so long on the way that it was now noon and there was no dew in the water. Cock-a-lu had come too late.

Cock-a-lu did not know what to do, but at last thought he would go to the squirrel and ask her for a drop of the water.

It took him a long time to find where the squirrel lived, and when he got there she was not at home.

It was night before he got home again, and he had no water for poor Hen-a-lie.

"Hen-a-lie, my poor little wife," said he, "I could not get any water."

"Then it is all over with me," said little Hen-a-lie. "Oh, I wish some one loved me well enough to get me one drop of water from the silver-spring."

Some one heard her. This was a little brown hen whom no one cared for. She was small, with long legs and no tail at all.

As soon as she heard Cock-a-lu say that he had no water for his wife, she started for the silver-spring as fast as her long legs would carry her. As it was now night, there was dew in the water again.

The little brown hen took three drops of water and started home.

Just as she got home, she heard Hen-a-lie say again, "Oh, I wish some one loved me well enough to bring me a drop of water from the silver-spring!"

"That I do!" said the little brown hen whom no one loved.

Then she gave Hen-a-lie the water, drop by drop. When the third drop went down, the bean went down too, and Hen-a-lie was well again.

Then the little brown hen was going away without a word, but both Hen-a-lie and Cock-a-lu wanted her to stay with them, and they loved her as long as she lived.

Bring the hoop and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

I saw a pretty bird high up in a tree, he was singing to me, he was singing to me.

I said, "Pretty bird high up in the tree, will you sing a song, sing a song, sing a song for me? Sing your song again and again, pretty bird."

One fine day a little goat went out in the woods to play. He went on and on until he was far away from home. He was hungry, so he stopped on his way back home to eat grass.

While he was eating, he looked up and saw a large wolf coming after him. He was afraid of the big wolf. He knew that the wolf was hungry and wanted to eat him.

The little goat ran as fast as he could, but he soon saw that the big wolf was going to catch him. The little goat came to an old house in the woods before the wolf could catch him.

He jumped up on a high log and then on to the roof of the old house. He ran up the roof to the very top.

The little goat was not afraid when he was on top of the house. He turned and looked down at the wolf and said, "Come on, if you dare."

The big wolf was afraid to run up the log and on to the roof of the old house. He thought a bad man and his dog might be near by.

The little goat said, "Come on, come on, I am not afraid of you."

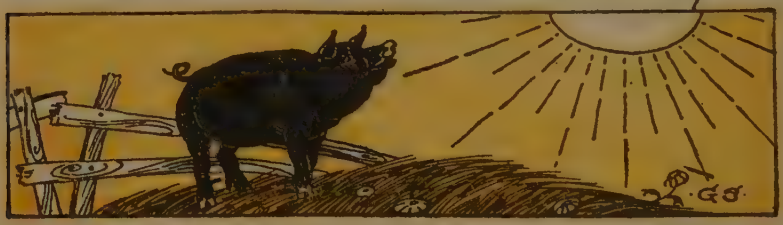
The wolf said, "You would not talk so much if you were out in the

woods. It is the roof that makes you talk."

Then the wolf saw that it was growing dark and he was afraid that the bad man with his dog might come along. So he went away to his home in the far woods.

Then the little goat came down and ran home as fast as he could because it was dark and he was afraid.

The , the , the , and the that Built the in the Far Woods.



This is the little black pig with the curly tail that lived in a little old pen. He grew so big that he could not live in the little pen any longer, so he went to the woods to build a new house.

As he went out of the door of his little pen he looked around and saw the sun was shining and the sky was blue. He went on and on into the far woods until he came to a little brook.

He waded into it and swam to the other side. He saw the birds and heard them sing their pretty songs and the sky was blue and the sun was shining.

On the way he met a little brown rabbit with a white tail. The rabbit spoke to the little pig with the curly tail and asked him where he was going.

The pig told the little rabbit that he did not want to live in a little pen

any longer and that he was going to the woods to build a new house.

The rabbit said, "Let me go with you, little pig, I have no home. I run around in the small woods near a man's house. The man has a bad boy who has a dog and they run after me and will not let me rest when I am tired."

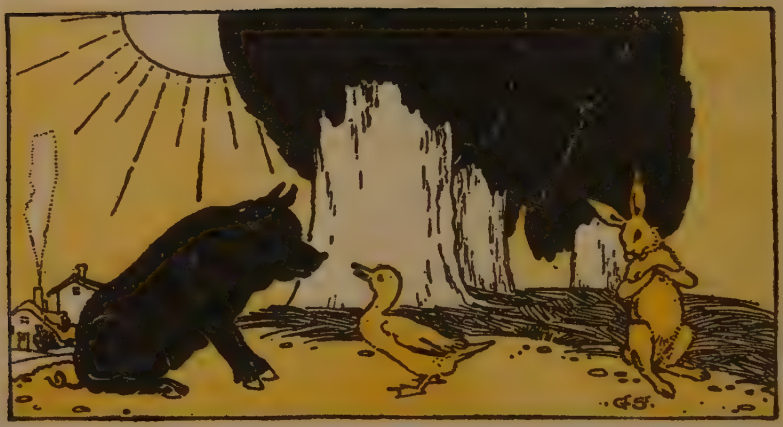
The little pig with the curly tail said, "What can you do, little rabbit?" The little rabbit said, "I have sharp teeth. I can cut the trees to build the house. I can bring leaves and grass to stop the cracks in the house." "Good," said the little pig. "You can come along with me. You are the very one I want."

The little pig and the little rabbit looked up and saw that the sun was shining and the sky was blue so they started for the woods.

They soon met a yellow duck. The yellow duck spoke to the little pig with the curly tail and the little brown rabbit with the white tail and asked them where they were going.

The little pig told the yellow duck that he had grown so big that he could not live in a little pen any longer and that he was going to the woods to build a new house.

The little rabbit told the yellow duck that he had no home and that he had met the little pig as he was going to the woods to build a new house.



That when the little pig told him where he was going and what he was going to do that he wanted to go along and help the little pig build the new house in the woods.

Then the yellow duck said, "Let me go with you and help you build the new house. I live in a pond near a house and bad boys throw things at me."

"What can you do?" said the pig. "I can carry mud to stop the cracks in the house and bring wood to make the fire," said the yellow duck. "Very well," said the pig. "You can come along with us and help us build the house in the woods."

So the pig, the rabbit and the duck went on their way and the sun was shining and the sky was blue.

They met a rooster who asked them where they were going. The pig told the rooster how he had grown so big that he could not live in a little pen and that he was going to the woods to build a new house.

The rabbit told the rooster how he had met the pig on his way to

the woods and why he was going with the pig to help build the new house in the woods.

The yellow duck told the rooster how he had lived in a pond and how bad boys had thrown things at him. He told the rooster how glad he was

to go with the pig and the rabbit to help them build a house in the woods.

Then the rooster said, "Let me go with you. Bad boys throw things at me and run after me and try to catch me when I crow in the morning to wake them up and call them to their work."

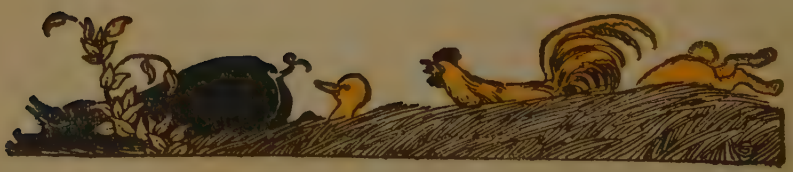
"What can you do?" said the little pig. "I can crow in the morning and wake you up when it is time to begin work." "Very well, very well," said the little pig. "I want you to go along with us. You can wake us up in the morning and tell us when to go to work."

So the little pig with the curly tail, the little brown rabbit with the

white tail, the yellow duck and the rooster went on together to build a new house and the sun was shining and the sky was blue.

They came to a pretty place to build a new house.

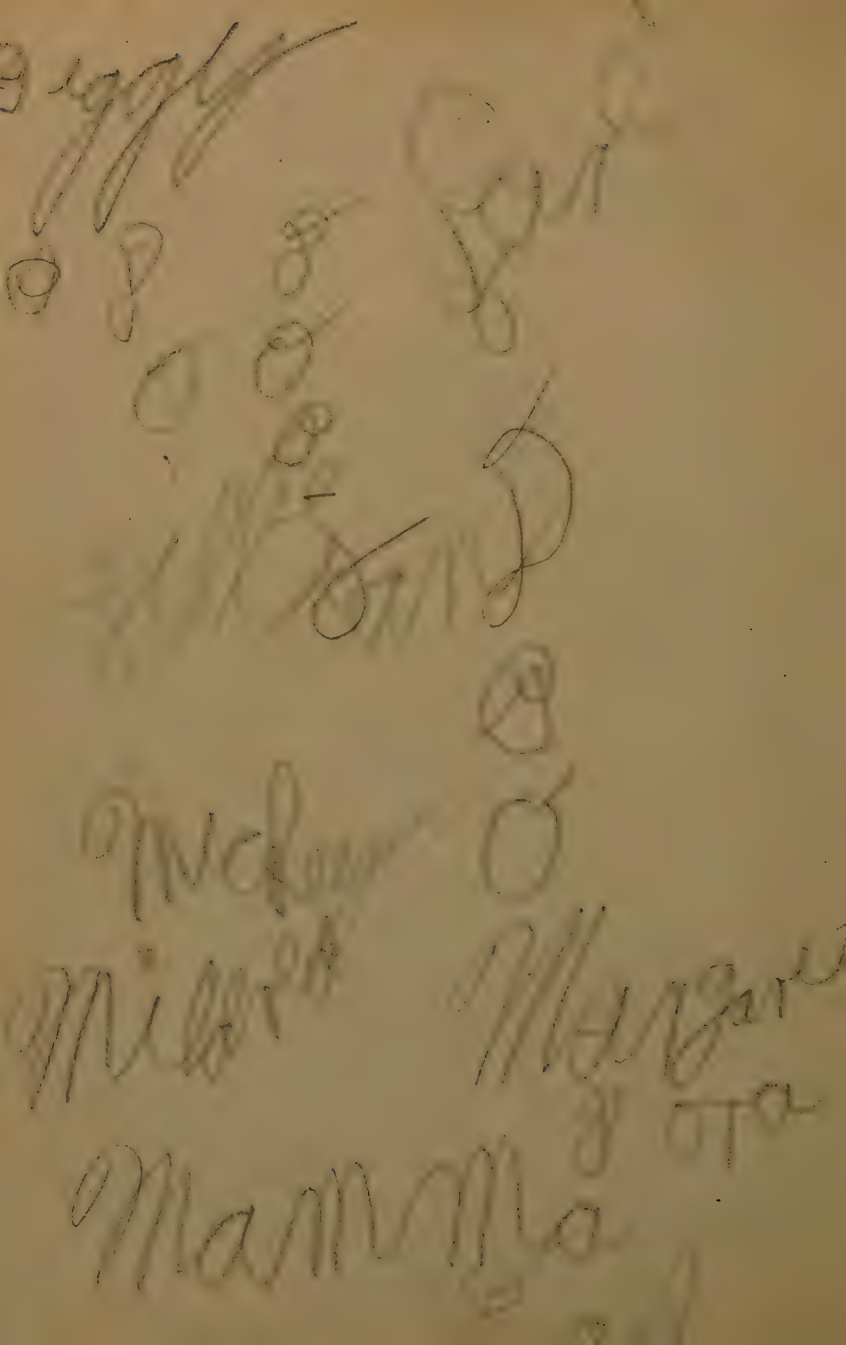
The pig carried the logs, the rabbit cut the trees, the yellow duck carried mud, the rooster crowed when it was time to wake them up and they built a pretty house in the far woods and the sun was shining and the sky was blue.



AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.



VOCABULARY

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Hen-a-lie
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